In the Short Pants League

By William M. Rouse.
(Illustrated by Frank Moser.)

If you get a toad pointed in one direction he'll jump that way, and a cow will go through a hole in a fence, but human beings ain't the same.

Speck French had got a black eye when I put him up to try to give the Brooks boy a licking. I wanted to get friends with Speck again so he'd play first base for the Whaffonsburg Rockets.

I calculated I could fix Speck up if I give him my marbles. It was past marble time, anyway. So I sent word by Fatty Sanders for Speck to meet me by the brick fence back of Squire Tompkin's house.

The worst part of a black eye is having folks know how you came by it. But nobody except Fatty and me had seen Speck get his and he knew we wouldn't tell.

It's lucky pa's a minister and has read a lot of things out of books, or I guess his son wouldn't be alive now. Yesterday pa said to me, "Always look before you leap," and it's a good thing I did when I went to meet Speck French.

Just as I turned the corner I saw Speck, and Fat, and Fat's dog, Spot, and three little fellers on top of the wall. And who was coming down the street but Brooks, all dressed up, and Mandy Braisted with him.

Brooks was swelled up like a bullfrog, and Mandy was grinning. Just as they got in front of Speck, Brooks lifted his hat with the ribbon on it and says:

"How-de-do, Mister French? How's your eye?"

Fatty giggled, and the little fellers on the wall knew right off where Speck got his shiner. They began to holler.

Brooks and Mandy went on. Anybody could see he just wanted to show her Speck's black eye. That's the way with some fellers—they got to have a girl see what they've done or it don't amount to anything, they think.

I walked toward Speck mighty carefully. If I hadn't looked before I leaped I might have gone right into Speck's clutches like Daniel in the lion's den. That's why it's a good thing too have a minister for a pa.

Speck spit on his hands and looked fierce out of the eye that could look. The fellers on the wall were yelling:

"Brooks give Speck French a black eye!"

Every boy in town would know it before night.

"You put me up to fight yesterday," says Speck. "Guess I'll try it on you today."

"Now, listen, Speck," says I.

But Speck wouldn't listen. It looked as though I'd better go home, quick. I went. I can run faster than Speck.

"Pa," says I, "why do folks allus do somethin' you don't figure on?"

"The taint of original sin is strong," says he.

Original sin must have put Brooks up to show Mandy Speck's black eye.

IN OUR SCHOOL

By PAUL WEST.

(Illustrated by Frank Moser.)

FRIDAY.

Merry Chrissmus yet, they being no school till next weak. Fatty Bellowes done very well going round to the different Sunday school Chrissmus trees last night, he not being kicked out at anny of them but one until he had got at least one plait of ice cream. He says next year he's going to join all of them, so as to be on the safe side. He never knowed how much good religijon could do a feller before, he says.

What a Reputation Does!

Phil Wigglesworth, who till lately was disagreeably good, but sence he got in with Bull Hickey is improving and now knows how to smoke cigarettes and can say three cuss words without blushing, says his Chrissmus presents shows how it dont pay a boy to bild up a reputation he'll be sorry for. Many of his relatives still thinking he is the kind of a boy he useter be, sent him presents like the Rollo books and stories about little boys who was always so good they wouldent do annything wrong. Phil will swap anny of them kind of books off

Torp Is Going Around Bragging.

for dime novels, two of the goody kind for one novel.

Fine Dog Fight.

Torp Stebbins's little brother got one of them wooly dogs that sqweak when you squeeze it. He had it out on a string today when Walt White's bulldog Erysipelas seen him and tackled the woolly dog. At first it all looked Erysipelas, but all of a suddint he let out a howl and went off with his tale between his legs, and got under Walt's steps where he still is. When Torp's little brother's wooly dog was examined it was found that Erysipelas must of bit on some of the sharp nails and springs in his insides. Torp is going round bragging about the way his little brother's dog licked Erysipelas, but Walt says it ain't no such thing. Annyhow, he says, Erysipelar chewed the sqweak out of the wooly dog, so it's oven.

Andy Anderson's Chief Present Was a Fireman's Suit.

Andy Anderson's cheef present was a fireman's soot, so he is organizing a voluntear fire department. Anny feller which can get somebody's garden hose can join. They is hope they will be some big fires pretty soon. Fatty Bellowes says he will join if they will promise not to put out the school house if it ketches.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS DAD. —BY MOSER.

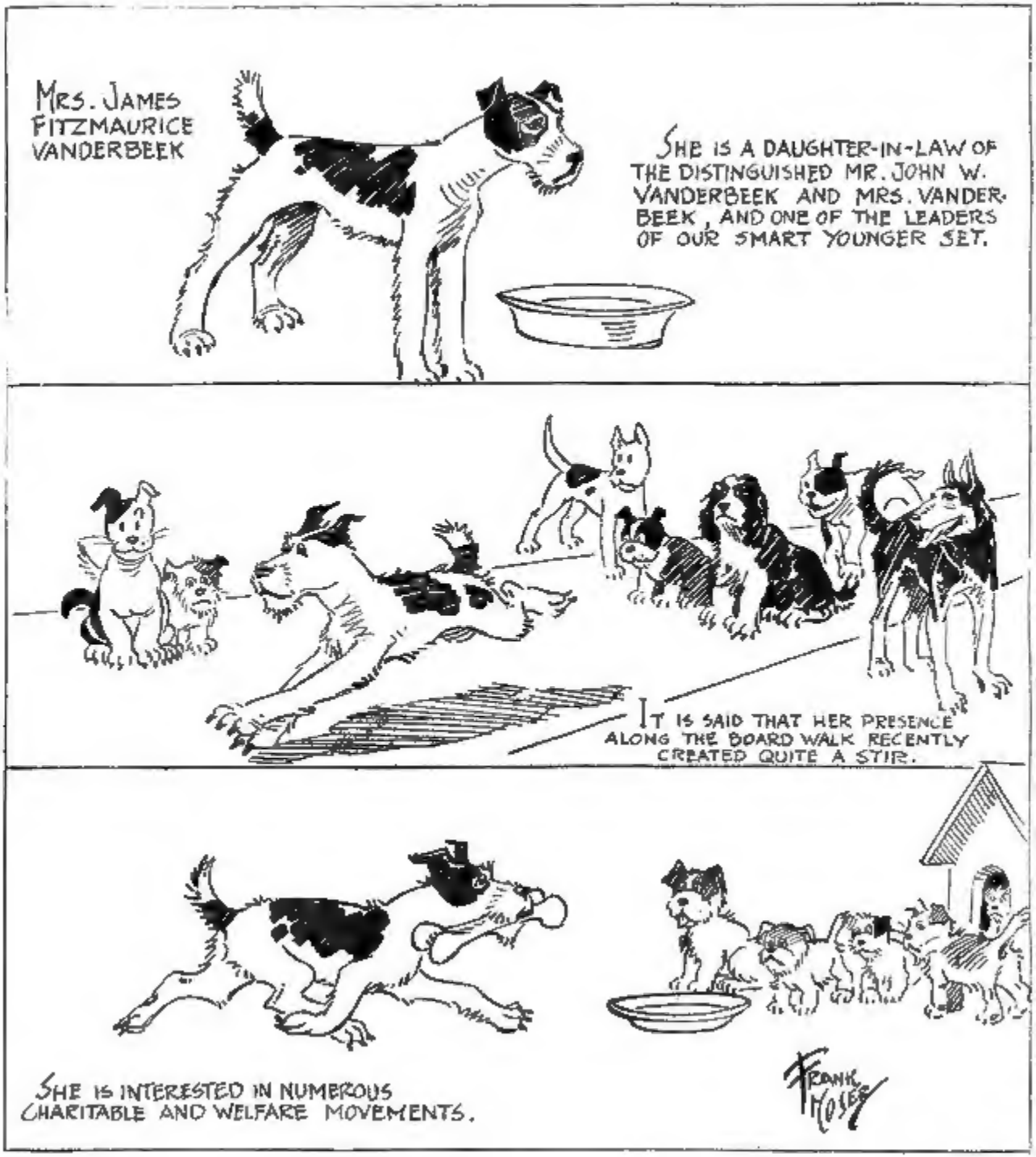
RECENTLY, MR. PETTIGREW, (WHOSE MARKSMANSHIP WAS THE TALK OF THE WHOLE COUNTY A FEW YEARS AGO), WAS CHUCKLING TO HIMSELF AND THINKING WHAT A **CINCH** IT **USED TO BE** TO MAKE ED. BARBARIN OR MIKE LARRABE **CARRY ALL THE GAME** IN A HUNTING CONTEST. THE RULES OF THE HUNT BEING THAT EACH HUNTER BRINGS IN **ALL** THE GAME KILLED BY HIS OPPONENT.

UNFORTUNATELY MR. PETTIGREW SUGGESTED THE IDEA TO HIS SON.

BEFORE AND AFTER. —BY MOSER.

YES SIR! THE COST OF LIVING HAS GONE UP! WE USED TO GET KISSES FOR A COUPLE OF SODAS!
WHILE THE LAST KISS WE GOT COST US A FUR COAT!
YOU'RE A GOOD OLD DEAR FOR BUYING ME THIS FUR COAT. HERE'S A KISS.

SOCIALLY SPEAKING. —BY MOSER.


MRS. JAMES FITZMAURICE VANDERBEEK
SHE IS A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE DISTINGUISHED MR. JOHN W. VANDERBEEK AND MRS. VANDERBEEK, AND ONE OF THE LEADERS OF OUR SMART YOUNGER SET.
IT IS SAID THAT HER PRESENCE ALONG THE BOARD WALK RECENTLY CREATED QUITE A STIR.
SHE IS INTERESTED IN NUMEROUS CHARITABLE AND WELFARE MOVEMENTS.
FRANK MOSER